

EXHIBIT P



----- Forwarded Message -----

From: David Cantu <dr.davidcantu@yahoo.com>

To: Sandra Guerra <drsandragera@yahoo.com>

Cc: Barry Efron <befron@efron-efron.com>; Tina Torres <tina@tinatorreslaw.com>; "bn.delgado@gmail.com" <bn.delgado@gmail.com>

Sent: Wednesday, September 12, 2018 at 06:37:34 PM CDT

Subject: Re: Home

Sandra,

You are correct that it is the same address. We are married and live together. I realize by your calculated response, it is to show that I now live with Joy, thus attempting to further your efforts to prevent visitation. I acknowledge your statements but you omitted several facts in the events.

Please let the attorney record show that Sandra was present at the DA's office and when I made a police report against Joy.

Please let the attorney record show that Sandra sent a letter to Joy through her attorney, Tina Torres, claiming harassment and requesting that she not publish the multiple nude photos and videos in her possession that were sent to me by Sandra in the fall of 2011.

I am copying Ben for the last time to confirm that I will no longer be including him in emails, per your request.

I responded to the "Home" email because I have my own personal sentiments of 9-11 and have wondered over the years how I could be your "home" when you cheated on me with Ben, lied to me, took financial advantage of my kindness and divorced me.

In closing, I ask that you put your anger aside and facilitate the visitation between me and my daughters.

Rodrigo D Cantu

On Wednesday, September 12, 2018, 8:08 AM, Sandra <drsandragera@yahoo.com> wrote:

Thank you.

This is the address that you gave me when i went with you to file a restraining order against Joy and when you filed a police report for Joy harassing you and your family. It is the address used when my attorney asked Joy to refrain from harassing me and my family.

Also, please do not blind copy my ex-husband Ben on emails to me involving our attorneys. You did that with this email. He has no interest in these communications or any contact from you.

Please also note there is no reason to respond to an email I sent 7 years ago.

Sandra

On Sep 11, 2018, at 10:26 PM, David Cantu <dr.davidcantu@yahoo.com> wrote:

Sandy,

I saw this today and it reminded me that I need to inform you of my new home address.

It is:

11222 Jadestone Blvd
San Antonio, TX 78249

Rodrigo D Cantu

On Sunday, September 11, 2011, 9:56 PM, Sandra Guerra
<drsandragera@yahoo.com> wrote:

Today is the 10th anniversary of the day I figured out what "home" meant. Before that date, I recall home was where I grew up or where my parents lived. A house was the place we purchased and stressed over the mortgage, repairs and furnishings.

But on that morning 10 years, I woke up with Sofia in my arms...breast feeding to be exact...in a hotel in California and found our country was under attack. We didn't know what would happen next or how life would change. And though many persons sat in front of a TV waiting to be told what to do (I remember passing them in the hotel lobby), all I knew to do was act on this deep feeling in my soul...I must get us home.

The desire to get home had nothing to do with where my house was. It had nothing to do with possessions or familiarity with the roads. It had nothing to do with my parents or friends. It had everything to do with getting to you. I knew where ever you were, THAT was home.

And so with a baby and several other people that I somehow became responsible for that day, I set out into a world full of fear and terror to get home. I drove without a map and almost more on instinct. I barely looked around me or have any recollection of my surroundings or time line. I just had to get us home.

Sofia cried and was overall a mess with car sickness and frustration. She knew in her little body that we were on a journey we didn't choose. She still senses stress in me better than anyone else...and she knew I was stressed. She is an old soul who needed a chance to live a great life again.

In that drive, I tried to think of what the future would be like after the attacks, but I couldn't see beyond the

moment I would get us home. That was all that mattered. I had tunnel vision. I knew you were waiting.

And as I drove down our street that afternoon, I saw the American flags and suddenly, all the tears I bottled up for days came rushing out. There had been flags before that road I am sure, but I hadn't noticed them. I hardly could drive the last block. But I knew you were there. I knew it in my heart.

Pictures of home came flooding back to my mind....the time I shocked myself (literally) while painting Sofia's room....the way my mom looked walking the 2 dogs with Sofia in the baby carrier...the laugh your mom and I had when the back porch covering was a bit, um, "slanted" as you and your dad built it....your rash on the new couch....the way I told you I was pregnant....the worry of the abnormal triple screen...

But somehow I drove to our driveway. And there you were. Standing there smiling like you always do. Standing there ready to hug us. I didn't have to go looking for you. The look you had was of relief and I knew you had worried. It is a feeling I will never forget and no one else can every understand.

I don't recall walking in the door or even what happened that night. I just knew we were back together as a family and I have always known what home really means.

Though our lives have changed so much since then, my heart still sees you that way. I don't know where we lost our compass as a family...the compass that drove me across the country to you and into your arms. Please forgive my emotional note, but my heart needed to share this with you today. Life is too short to keep it all inside.

Thank you for being my home 10 years ago. It was worth the beautiful and historic drive of my life.

Sandy